

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXV.—No. 13 **A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.** FEBRUARY 27, 1910

He who knows himself knows others.

COLTON.

EVER ONWARD.

THE world is pressing onward,
And God keeps watch above;
Come, children, march breast forward,
And fill your lives with love.
Stand fast in faith and duty,
Whate'er the cost may be;
For in time you'll see the beauty
Of living righteously.

While the world is moving forward,
The Lord sends out His light,
To guide His children heavenward
In the paths of truth and right;
O man, endowed with reason,
To work the Will Divine;
Have faith that in due season
God's love will all entwine.

In the world's great marching forward
Our God reveals His might;
Come, children, step right onward
In the fullest of His light;
And taste the blessed wisdom
Imparted unto all
Who strive to know God's Kingdom,
And obey His silent call.

T. UNDERWOOD.

For Every Other Sunday.

LITTLE GRANDMOTHER'S DIARY.

BY MRS. J. C. BURNHAM.

LINA danced into the room where grandmother sat knitting stockings. Grandmother loved to knit. Lina thought she always had done so. She never once stopped to think that grandmother used to be a little girl herself, who enjoyed playing far better than work. She knew, however, that grandmother always liked to have her tell about the good times she had, and so she showed her the little box she held in her hand.

"I found it in the garret," she said as she sat down beside grandmother. "It was in the old chest in a drawer, grammie. Such a funny drawer, too,—all out of sight underneath the big drawer; and I just happened to find a spring that made it almost fly out. And, if I could only unlock the box, I suppose I might find gold watches and rings and things in it, don't you, grammie?"

Grandmother turned the box over, her face growing as bright as Lina's.



"COME UNTO ME"—A. DIETRICH.

(See EDITOR'S CHAIR.)

"In the big chest!" she repeated slowly. "Why, childie, I put it there myself, sixty years ago, the day before I was taken sick with the fever. I never could remember where I put it, and mother thought I burned it up; but I always thought I should find it sometime. See! here is my name." And she traced out

faded gilt lettering which Lina had thought little about.

"It says," continued grandmother, "it says, 'Lina Harmon, her Book of Remembrance.' And here is the key which will unlock the box," she added, selecting a tiny key from her treasure-box that always stood upon the table.

Then they opened the box. Sure enough, a book was within, and together Grandmother Lina and Grand-daughter Lina read what had been written so many years before.

Lina Harmon's Book of Remembrance.

January 1, 1848. I've got a DIARY of my own. Father gave it to me. He's the beautifullest father ever was. Ministers have to be I suppose, but he's the best of all. I'm to write down just what happens, good and bad, he says, but I shant write any bad because I'm going to be good all the time. This book will make me remember to be. I have been good today Mother said.

Jan. 10. I have been bad (I haven't written for nine whole days because I was good and it sounds horrid to write you've been good. I'm afraid it will look horrid to write I've been bad, though.) I hollered in Miss Ann's trumpet, and it made her jump and the scholars laughed. I did, too, till she told me to confess to Father.

Jan. 12. I can't think of things to write, only things Miss Ann scolds about. Wish I was a beautyus child like the story she reads when our lessons are done. It's nice to be good, and I am sometimes. Mother says so. She wishes I was more times.

Feb. 13. We have had the measles so I couldn't write. I guess I've been both kinds of a girl. Father says Jocko is going to have measles too. It's funny monkeys have measles. Miss Ann visited me today. She says she misses the best scholar in spelling-class (that's me) and the scholars miss me too. She says they are real good.

Feb. 23. Jocko is sicker than Jennie and I were. He coughs. I forgot I was going to be good and scared him so he run out doors and got more cold. Mother is grieved. Oh dear!

Feb. 28. Jocko died. I think I could remember without this book. I'm going to write good things about me. I almost slapped Jennie, and didn't because I asked the Lord in time. But I was mad. She ought not to have pulled my hair so hard.

May 1. My eyes hurt me so bad because the measles settled there that Father said I needn't write for a while, but I've got to now. I went to a picnic and I wore Mother's new shawl and it was so hot I took it off and lost it somewhere. Father went back to the woods when I told Mother about it (I had to because she wanted to know where my cape was because she thought I wore that) but we could not find it. And Mother cried because it was a nice shawl and a present to her. They did not scold, but Father told Mother to take me to the spare room and she did and prayed I would be a better girl. She prayed good and I cried and asked the Lord to forgive me for losing the shawl, and she stopped me and said not because I lost it but because I took what wasn't mine when I knew I was doing wrong. My Mother is an awfully good Mother. I think I should enjoy being bad if she would scold and whip me, but you cant when your mother just prays with the tears running down. I wonder if I shall ever be good as she wants me to be. I should think I'd be just terribly good. She prays so hard about me.

I'm going to lock this book up for I guess I won't have to write any more till I forget about trying. Father said I needn't write tonight for my head aches so. I got cold going without a cape and my throat aches. I guess I'm going to remember henceforth and forevermore.

"I am so glad to get this little book," grandmother said softly. "Yes, Lina, child, my

father and mother were beautifully good. I think I shall have to write in the Diary again now."

"But you'll only have to write good things now," said little Lina, as she watched the sweet old face that seemed to be looking back to the days of long ago. "You were naughty, but I guess praying with you does just take the naughtiness out so you want to do good things, even if you do forget until you have learned to remember in time. I wish"—

And then Grandmother Lina guessed the wish and gave it to her.

"You wish you had a 'Book of Remembrance,' don't you, darling? After all, I think I won't add anything to this little book; but, because you, too, are named Lina, you shall have it to write what you will in. Make it a good book, darling."

OLD MAN FROST.

OLD MAN FROST is come again
To flick and peck at the window-pane!
When you hear a sound like a blade of wheat
Snapped on the ground beneath your feet,
Look up—and the hoary beard of grass
That presses close to the wintry glass,
That is a sign upon the pane
That Old Man Frost is back again,
With all the fancies you had lost—
The rose of spring and the summer rain,
The joy they brought and the pain they cost—
Old Man Frost!

Old Man Frost he hangs a mist
As cold as the gold and amethyst;
He hangs the mist of a hope forlorn
On the golden moon and the purple thorn;
But I never saw in his frozen mane
A picture wrought of terror or pain—
Only the stars and castle towers
And fairy gardens of trees and flowers;
And so your dream of love that is crossed
With a dread that it may not bloom again,
Is only a fancy, like the frost
On the winter window-pane!

Outing.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE LIFE AND MILD ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE FAMILY IN HAWAII.

BY E. S. GOODHUE.

IV. *Story of the First Hawaiian Missionaries.*

"PAPA," said Dorothy one evening, as the sun was sinking like a great red wheel into the western sea, and the stars which form the Southern Cross began to appear in their accustomed places, "you haven't given us our hour yet. Please tell us about the little people who came from those islands."

"Once upon a time, years and years ago, the Menehunes, who lived down among the beautiful islands south of the equator, came to Hawaii. They were the very first missionaries in all the world, and perhaps the best missionaries in their own land before they sailed the ocean and missionaries after they reached Hawaii, to which they brought tidings of love and good works.

"They were real Brownies, too, of skin, eye, and hair; straight and lithe as arrows, quick to see and ready to do.

"Though short enough to be called fairies, which they really were, they never used the art of magic for the accomplishment of anything, but followed the slower, honester way of steady labor. What was worth having was worth

working for, they said; nothing could be really joy-giving which had not been earned by thought, time, and motion of some sort.

"Helping along things was their hobby. If they saw an old man going up a steep hill, they carried his load for him. When they came across a child crying over some real or fancied trouble, they took pains to stop and comfort him. They gave thought to the needs of a plant or a tree, made it a rule never to hurt a living thing, and, like Jesus, 'went about doing good' every day of their lives. They were generous with their smiles as with their deeds, and would rather speak a cheerful word than a discouraging one.

"Strange as it may seem to us, the Menehunes considered it wrong to kill a bird or a beast or to beat a horse or a dog, no matter what the provocation might be. They would have been horrified at the thought of striking a child for any offence whatever; and, as for war, they didn't even know what it was.

"When the Menehunes first came to Hawaii, they found the skies as blue as they are now, and the breezes as kindly, but there was little else to attract them. There was no grass to clothe the earth, no tree to give it shade. There were no birds, no flowers; and, what had been their best friend, the warm sunshine, beat down fiercely upon them. So, with the next arrival of Menehunes to Hawaii, seeds of plants and trees were brought and placed in the rich earth which had been waiting for just such an opportunity. After many years the land became one vast garden of everything beautiful to see and good to eat.

"They made strange caves to wander in, cut great gashes in the mountainside for waterfalls to have an easier way to the sea, and traced courses for cooling springs to bubble up far under the salty water of the sea.

"And they were so busy being happy and useful that they had no time to do much talking, so there were no preachers among them, or lawyers either. To think well was good, they said; to act well was better; but to speak well might not mean much, although they believed in a cheerful word spoken at the right time.

"About the only story of ancient times which the Menehunes repeated was that referring to the Silent Isle, one of the many islands of their former home. It seems that the inhabitants of this isle were given to talking a great deal. They just talked, talked; talked, part of the time to no advantage, you may be sure.

"At length they began to talk about their neighbors, to tell small tales, to record trifling matters, and soon fell in to gossip habits which made them the dread of all the islands of the sea. So the king of Neveraway Islands commanded that every grown-up man and woman of the fated island should ever after be dumb, should talk no more forever. But the children (God bless them every one this very moment wherever they may be), whose happy voices never delighted in saying unkind things, were not included in this order. Their voices might go on in innocent babble,—as harmless as the whispers of the brooks which run to the sea," said the king.

"Now among other quaint and beautiful customs the Menehunes had, there was one which deserves notice, for I do not know that it has ever been recorded. Throughout the forests about you, in trees or on rocks or logs, were then, as there are now, those beautiful, pot-like plants with a brown, empty centre, surrounded by several rows of green leaves or fronds."

"Bird's-nest ferns, bird's-nest ferns!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Yes," continued father, "the scientists call them *Asplenium Nidus*, which is quite an appropriate name, for each nest would hold a brood of eagles.

"The Menehunes brought them from their own country, and placed them high up between the insertions of branches of trees. They are really pulpits, stationed here and there throughout the land. In them stood, in the days gone by, some unusually good Menehune, who passed a smile along to those who came his way. And in those days the country was full of people (not a nook in the forest but had its busy, moving inhabitants, swarming upon the branches and, underneath, over the grassy earth).

"The Smiling Priest did not speak, but his cheerful countenance said: 'If you are weary, cheer up. The time to be happy is when you are sad, for, if you do not need gladness, your neighbor may.' These pulpits were so near together that nobody had a chance to forget the Smiler's suggestion.

"To my mind this was as good as some sermons, and far better than the cry which is uttered from the mosque of any Mohammedan city. Once in a while, in places where the Menehunes were engaged in hard work, like cave-digging or channel making, the Smiling Priests would break into a laugh, a ringing, catching laugh, which the tired laborers would take up, making the country round resound with their musical laughter.

"On dark nights travellers through the forest were cheered by a voice from some pulpit saying: 'Morning is coming,' or 'It will soon be light—it is only a cloud over the face of the moon,' or 'Take delight in the night.' So bravely and sweetly was this said that loneliness and fear had no place in the whole forest.

"The Menehunes were wiser than some of the people who came afterwards, for they would not allow a harmful weed or animal or anything which might prove a source of annoyance to be brought to the shores of Hawaii.

"At any rate, the Smiling Priests might serve to teach us a lesson. Don't you think that a few of them among us, particularly in the work-a-day hours, would do us all good?"

THE WAY TO SHADOWTOWN.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness closes down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder—so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare.
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The raining drops on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say, "Good-night!"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
EUGENE FIELD.

These little things are great to little men.
GOLDSMITH.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SEARCH FOR THE BLUE FLOWER.

BY FRANCES HOWARD CARMAN.

IN the heart of a dark forest a little girl sat crying bitterly. Everything around her showed that she had a sense of failure; but, as she sat there in her sorrow, she heard a voice of wondrous sweetness.

"Look up, my child, and be happy; for the earnest search is never in vain." She lifted her head and saw a beautiful woman bending over her with hope and encouragement shining in her eyes.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" said Gretchen, the tears still rolling down her cheeks.

"My name is Courage, and I live only with the brave in the city called Strength."

"Will you take me to your city, that I, too, may grow brave and strong? For I so often become weak and faint in my search for the beautiful Blue Flower."

"That cannot be, for each must find for himself and in his own way."

Gretchen looked up and saw a ray of sunshine coming through the trees, making all around her look bright; and with a glad cry of hope she started up and began to walk joyously onward. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and she walked along bravely, while a happy song sprang from her heart.

By and by she saw, a little way ahead, directly in front of her, a party of beautifully dressed children, dancing gayly under a large tree. The ground all around was strewn with lovely flowers, and the branches of the tree were gayly festooned.

"Surely," said Gretchen, "I will find the Blue Flower here!" So she joined the group of children and danced and sang, too, for a while, then began to seek eagerly among the flowers.

Here was a cluster of bright yellow roses looking like a center of sunbeams, again she came to a large bunch of brilliant red ones that made the tree seem ablaze with splendor. There was purple in all its shades, and every color down to the purest white; but, search as she would, she could not find one blue flower.

"What shall I do?" she said, and tears began to roll down her cheeks again. A great gloom now surrounded her. The sun was no more shining, the birds had ceased to sing, and she sat down in despair; but in a few minutes something made her look up, and she saw her old friend Courage standing beside her, and said:

"Oh, I cannot find the beautiful Blue Flower, and this is why my heart is sad."

"But you will find, away down hidden from human sight, you will find it blooming."

Courage was looking at her with a bright smile, and, as she turned to start once more on her journey, she found, as before, that darkness had all disappeared. Sunshine was streaming through the trees, while the birds were singing gayly among the branches, so again gladness was in her heart and a song on her lips.

Before very long she saw, walking ahead of her, a girl of about her own age, and, calling out, she said:

"Little girl, where are you going? Will you let me walk beside you?"

"Do you see that large palace, right in front of us? I am going there, for that is where my father lives. If you will come in, I will show you many lovely things."

"Have you the Blue Flower growing in your garden? That is what I am looking for."

"We will search among the flowers there and see."

They passed through a gate into the most beautiful garden she had ever seen. Surely here she would find the flower she sought, for it seemed as though every variety was there. They came upon sparkling fountains and beautiful statuary. One statue especially pleased Gretchen, and she stood beside it a long time. It was a little flower girl carrying a basket on her head. Oh, how she would like to find the treasure there! She stood beside it a long time examining every flower. There was the lily of the valley, the daisy, the buttercup, and many other early spring flowers; but, after she had examined all, her heart grew sad again, for she could not find the one she sought, and, turning away with a sigh, she sat down by one of the fountains and began to cry again.

"Why do you cry?" said the little girl at her side. "See all these beautiful flowers! Surely you can find something you want here."

"Oh, all these only bloom to die again, but the one I seek will bloom on and on forever."

"Well, let's take what we can have now. We can be happy with these till they die, and then more will come; for our gardener is always planting flowers."

But Gretchen went away with her head bowed and tears rolling down her cheeks, so that she could hardly see one step ahead of her, for everything had grown dark again. As she walked blindly along, she touched something with her feet and fell to the ground. It seemed as though all her strength was gone, and she lay there without attempting to rise, when she heard the voice of her old friend Courage say, "Go forward, for thy prayer is heard."

With a bound of joy Gretchen rose to her feet. She looked around, and all the darkness had fled. Everything was bright again, and she pressed forward with gladness in her heart; for not very far away she saw a bright light and felt that, when she had reached it, she would find the Blue Flower.

But the hardest way she had yet to travel was still before her. She saw nothing now but a narrow path winding up a steep mountain side, and stood still looking at it.

"Oh, is there no other way but this? How can I climb up there?" She looked around to see if there was an easier path; but no, she must climb this mountain or else fail in the search for the Blue Flower. The temptation to turn away was very strong; but Courage touched her, and with a cry of hope she started up the mountain side, singing again, for her heart was glad.

At first the way seemed so steep that she hardly made any progress at all, but it became easier as she went forward. Courage stood beside her all the time now, and her strength grew greater with every step, until she saw, immediately in front of her, a great light, and she knew it came from the city called Strength.

She saw a great many of the brave there, but all seemed intent upon some object of special interest to them, except one who was coming towards Gretchen carrying in her hand a beautiful flower. It was different from any she had ever seen. Its shining petals of blue seemed to send out rays of light that came from its very center. She pressed eagerly forward with outstretched hand to grasp that which nothing from the outside can give, the precious gift of happiness called the Blue Flower.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
EMERSON.

They that govern make the least noise.
SELDEN.

THE THINGS AT HOME.

ALL up and down the land I go
 With mother, making calls,
 And sit in chairs so much too high,
 In strange and different halls,
 And cannot think of things to say,
 And feel so pleased to start away.

But, when we come to home again,
 I'm glad, as glad can be
 To see the very oldest toys
 All waiting there for me—
 The horse with missing tail, the blocks,
 And all the soldiers in their box;

The wagon with the broken shaft,
 The doll that will not talk,
 The little duck that ran so fast,
 And now can't even walk,—
 They all are friends so tried and true
 Because of what they used to do.

And every day when I'm away
 I know they miss me so.
 I never ought to leave them once—
 They're sensitive, you know—
 And just to comfort them a mite
 I take them all to bed at night.

The Myrtle.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

BY HELEN PREBLE ALDRICH.

Part II.

SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA was the third Mission in the order of founding, and was located in the beautiful valley of Santa Margarita, now called Los Robles, in the heart of the Santa Lucia range, on the 14th of July, 1771. This range runs from the San Fernando Mountains, twenty miles north of Los Angeles, north-west to the Bay of Monterey. It is a wild and rugged region, far away from the ocean.

This Mission was on the regular line, though inland, from San Diego to Monterey. Serra, with his party, left San Carlos and travelled south until he discovered the favored location, and then with ceremonies soon settled the question.

At first the Missions were dependent on Spain for supplies which were brought to Monterey and San Diego, but later San Pedro was opened to ships. Trained workmen were sent from Spain until the Indians became skilled mechanics. This Mission never became rich and great, but was fairly prosperous until the decree of secularization. Its inland location was a hindrance in its development. It is now in a reasonable state of preservation, being visited monthly by a priest from old San Miguel and occasionally by priests from other Missions.

San Gabriel was founded Sept. 8, 1771. It is perhaps the most noted of all Missions at this time, in that it comes more often under the eye of the tourist. Located at the western entrance of a great and most lovely valley and in the centre of population and travel in Southern California, it commands the attention of every one interested in historical scenes and artistic landmarks.

In 1806 Father José Maria Zalvidea, a man of great zeal, was installed at the head of the Mission, and under his directing care it entered upon a career of prosperity. The Mission is in very good condition and is cared for by a



SAN GABRIEL MISSION, CALIFORNIA.

custodian, being used for regular church services. Its surroundings are well kept. San Gabriel is about four miles from Pasadena and nine miles from Los Angeles, easily reached by railway or by an electric road.

In September, 1772, the great Mission of San Luis Obispo was founded on the coast, about one hundred and twenty miles south of the Gulf of Monterey. This port became later an important one to commerce. Padre Serra and Padre Cavalla started in August from Monterey and located the Mission the 1st of September. The infancy of this Mission was disastrous, although it was favorably planted in a naturally rich country, amid plenty of open, arable land, well watered and in a temperate climate.

Three different times the buildings were destroyed by fire, and as often, with indomitable energy, they were rebuilt. In consequent periods of adversity supplies were furnished generously from the common storehouses at San Diego and Monterey. An old Padre, whose name is now forgotten, invented a kind of tile which was not combustible, and after that, when comparative safety was assured, there began a period of progress and prosperity, the gathering of wealth, and the winning of hundreds of heathen souls for the vineyard of the Mother Church.

This great Mission now lies in ruins, its good work nearly forgotten, and it is silently passing into oblivion.

The Mission of San Francisco De Assis was founded the 9th of October, 1776, on the Bay of San Francisco. The name was bestowed in honor of the founder of the Franciscan Order. For the first year this little band of workers experienced hard treatment at the hands of the Indians; but on the arrival of Serra, in 1777, there were seventeen converts for baptism. The first church built was not precisely on the present site of this Mission. The Lake Dolores of that time has disappeared as the city of San Francisco has developed. In 1782 the corner stone of a new church was laid. This Mission was twice visited by the discoverer Vancouver, and he has left a full account of the condition in which he found the Mission Indians and of the industries which they had been taught by the Padres. At the passing

of San Francisco into the hands of the Americans in 1845 there remained but a remnant of the old Mission Dolores.

San Juan Capistrano was founded Nov. 1, 1776, by Serra, assisted by Amirrio. A commission of priests was sent from Monterey the year before to find a place for another Mission north of San Diego, in pursuance of a modified plan of establishing a line of Missions between the two points, making an easy distance for journeying between.

The original plan was to found but one Mission, but this was later considered inadequate for the general purposes of colonization and the work of the Church. The commission selected a site located upon a circle of hills, overlooking a beautiful valley running to the ocean, sixty-five miles south of Los Angeles. An outbreak from the Indians deferred the work for a year, but it was finally commenced and was carried on mostly by the Indians who were instructed by the Padres.

The main building is in the form of a Roman cross, and its construction and decoration place San Juan Capistrano in the foreground as the finest example of Mission building now standing. The quadrangle was surrounded by lines of arches which preserve features not to be found in any other Mission. A chapel still remains.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell, has this to say about Bible study: "The Bible is the most important document in the world's history. No man can be wholly uneducated who really knows the Bible, nor can any one be considered a truly educated man who is ignorant of it. All knowledge is good, but the knowledge of the Christian Bible is essential. It is still necessary, as it has always been, to seek first the kingdom of God."

UPON the home rests our moral character; our civic and political liberties are grounded there; virtue, manhood, citizenship grow there. We forget it to our peril; for American citizenship in the long run, will be, must be, what the American home is.

JACOB RUIS.

OPPORTUNITY.

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wait not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

WALTER MALONE.

For Every Other Sunday.

LUCY'S VISIT.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived in Vermont, over one hundred miles from a town in Massachusetts where my grandparents and Aunt Lucy lived. I was called "little Lucy," to distinguish me, from my Aunt Lucy whom I loved very much. Once a year my mother took me to see her and my grandparents; but one winter mother could not go, and Aunt Lucy sent for me to come alone. A Miss Haskell was going to Boston and would care for me on the train, and Aunt Lucy would meet me at the station.

I was afraid when first told I could go; but the assurance that Aunt Lucy would be at the end of that long ride and my love for her at last quieted my timidity, and I agreed to go.

Miss Haskell must have been unused to children, for I cannot recall that she talked to me at all, and I remember that I was timid of her all day,—too timid to even eat my dinner.

We had started at eight o'clock in the morning, and it was seven at night when the brakeman called "Cambridge." Miss Haskell took my hand and led me from the car. I looked eagerly around for my Aunt Lucy, ready to spring into her loving arms, but no Aunt Lucy was there. How alarmed and desolate I felt! Tears came at once, but Miss Haskell comforted me and said she would go with me.

My trunk was put on the platform of the horse-car, a common thing in those days, and I took my seat, happy again, thinking how soon I should see my beloved Aunt Lucy. After a short ride the car stopped, and, much to my horror, I saw Miss Haskell expected me to go alone. I shrank back, all was dark outside; but she told me to go and walk directly to the house. She meant to be kind, but she was going farther and did not realize my timidity.

The conductor put my trunk over the fence into the yard, for the car had stopped directly opposite the house, lifted me to the sidewalk, and the car moved off. Oh, how dark it was! I felt my way down the three steps into the yard. The house stood some way back from the road, and the path was lined on both sides by evergreen trees. I dared not even think what might be behind them to catch me. All was still and dark and cold, not a light in that great black house before me. It had been snowing, and the snow creaked under my little feet. I can hear it to-day.

At last I reached the porch and found the handle of the inside door. It would not open! It was locked, a thing I had never found in all my visits there. I cried aloud in my fright and pounded on the door. Still no light and no

sound. I cuddled down in one corner of the porch and thought I should have to stay there all night. I grew cold and more frightened. Then, thinking of a little tool-house where I had often had a fine time as perhaps warmer, I started towards it; but that stood behind a grape trellis, and all lay in such heavy dark shadows I was afraid to go far.

I came back, tried the door, called and pounded again. That there was a bell and also a big brass knocker on the door I was far too frightened to remember. I thought it was night and all were in bed. I was only seven years old, and had never been out alone in the evening. Then it occurred to me that, even if I were heard, they would think robbers were coming, so I called aloud, "It is little Lucy Brown. It is not robbers. Let me in. It is little Lucy Brown," and I pounded again on the door.

Suddenly the door opened; and, as a great flood of light fell upon me from the big, brightly lighted hall, I fell into Aunt Lucy's arms. She carried me through the hall and into the parlor, and dropped me into my great-aunt's lap. My troubles were over. I nestled close and sobbed.

How bright the room was! Grandma came running in to hug and kiss me, and question as to how I came and how it all happened. The letter saying I was coming had never reached them. Grandpa upstairs sick in bed had heard the noise, and suggested to Aunt Lucy to see if any one was at the "north door."

It was only eight o'clock, and some one had locked that door. The parlor was on the south side of the house, so there was no light to greet me. They laughed at me a little for not remembering the bell or the big knocker.

I had a pleasant, happy visit. Aunt Lucy was my delight. She had a little doll's bureau full of playthings left from her own childhood which were a never-failing source of pleasure to me. When I returned home, I told the story all over to my little mother. She, wise little mother, gave me good advice which I have never forgotten and which has done me many a good service.

"Now, my little girl, when you are in such a situation again, stand still and think. Don't allow yourself to get so frightened that you lose your wits, but use your mind and think what is the best thing to do. It was silly not to remember that every door has a bell or a knocker. God will take care of you, but you must control yourself and be brave."

Integrity of life is fame's best friend.

JOHN WEBSTER.

CRITICISM'S TRUE USE.

THE real aim of criticism is not the destruction of cherished traditions,—although a due regard for the facts does often compel us to revise older opinions,—but a fuller appreciation of the beauty and truth of the creative work on which it fixes its regard. The word "criticism" is derived from the Greek verb "krino," which means to select, discriminate, hence, to decide or judge. The meaning of criticism is thus discriminating judgment.

The Westminster.



ST. CHRISTOPHER—TITIAN.

For Every Other Sunday.

PLEASANT STORIES OF THE SAINTS.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

III. Saint Christopher.

BEFORE his conversion Saint Christopher was known as Offero, the giant.

He was of mighty and noble stature, and likewise was fair to look upon.

Offero was compelled to enter into service to earn his living, but he vowed he would call no man master but one who was so mighty he feared no other.

He wandered over many countries seeking such a master, and finally he found a king said to be the greatest ruler of earth.

Offero entered this king's service, and for a time was well contented; but one day he observed that his master paled and shook at the name of Satan.

This was to him conclusive proof that his master feared Satan, and therefore Satan must be the mightier. So he left the service of the king and sought Satan. He was not hard to find. He never is.

When he offered his services to the Prince of Evil, they were gladly accepted. Satan was delighted to enlist so powerful a giant as Offero in his cause.

Offero, however, had not been long in the service of his Satanic Majesty, till he observed that his master paled and trembled and hastily turned away whenever they met with a Cross on their road.

"Dost thou fear aught, master?" he asked.

"Yea," replied the Evil One, tremblingly, "I fear Christ and His Cross."

"Then," said the giant, "Christ is mightier than thou art. Him only will I serve."

And forthwith he left the service of the devil and entered into that of the Saviour.

Anxious to prove his devotion to his new master, Offero accepted the perilous duty of piloting or carrying travellers over a certain river that was often made tumultuous by storms.

For a staff to aid him in his dangerous treading of the river, he used a palm tree which he tore by the roots from the forest.

Many a tired pilgrim he bore to safety through the dangers of the restless river.

One dark night, as he was at his usual post, there came to the giant a tiny child, seemingly weak and helpless, who entreated of him to be carried across the foaming torrent.

Straight to his mighty shoulders Offero lifted the little child and strode into the turbid stream.

The waters surged like a sea about him, and the child on his back pressed like the weight of a world. The good saint staggered and feared lest he would fall.

Nevertheless, he still struggled on, and at last reached the opposite shore and set the child down in safety.

"Thou art small, son," he said, "but scarce the world itself could be heavier."

Then said the Child: "Verily, Offero, 'twas not only the world, but the world's woe thou didst bear. I am the Christ. Place thou thy staff in the ground and see thy reward."

Straightway Offero planted his staff at the bank, and, lo! it put forth leaves and clusters of fruit. When he looked again to see the Christ Child, he found him vanished.

Offero means Bearer, and, as he bore the Christ, his name was changed to Christ Offero, or Christopher.

IV. Saint Nicholas.

This saint was the son of very wealthy parents and came into possession of a vast fortune at an early age. He was very generous with his wealth, and was always ready to assist the sick and the needy.

He once heard of a gentleman of noble birth who was very poor, whose daughters could not marry because they had no marriage portion.

The eldest of these girls had a lover and much desired to wed him, but their mutual poverty forbade.

Good Saint Nicholas wished to help the young couple, so he made a bundle of gold in a cloth and went to the girl's home. The window was open, and the kind saint tossed the golden bundle in through the window, and then hurried away and hid himself.

The girl was rejoiced to get the money and soon married. Not long after this Saint Nicholas supplied each of the other girls with a marriage portion in the same fashion.

After the death of Saint Nicholas he was buried in a great church at Myra, and many pilgrims visited his tomb.

The dead saint did not cease in his ministrations of good, and was supposed to watch specially over children, maidens, sailors, and merchants.

A pagan king once had in his service as cup-bearer the son of a wealthy Christian merchant.

The king learned that his cup-bearer greatly venerated Saint Nicholas, and he scoffed at the power of the saint, "Let him deliver thee from my hand if he can," he said, scornfully.

And, behold, at the very word there came a rushing sound as of a mighty wind, wherein the palace was shaken to its foundation, and in a blaze of glory the saint himself appeared and

snatched the boy from the presence of the king and transported him into the house of his own father.

The father was full of joy, and looked upon the restoration of his boy as a direct answer to prayer; for at the very moment of the deliverance he was distributing food to the poor and soliciting their prayers in behalf of his captive son.

Saint Nicholas is the patron saint of Russia.

BE SQUARE.

We may name a hundred drawbacks

That a man must meet in life,

We may say its all a "battle"

And never-ending "strife,"

Then resolve to meet it bravely—

Stand the test—to do and dare—

But the secret of true victory

Lies in one word, just be "square."

There is something in the twinkle

Of an honest fellow's eye

That can never be mistaken

And can never be passed by.

Be his station high or lowly,

There's that dauntless, upright air,

That convinces all beholders

That the man they see is "square."

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

TIM AND THE TRAINED HORSES.

BY KATE WHITING PATCH.

Part I.

THE trained horses were coming to town. Not only did the newspapers proclaim it, but a number of men were engaged, with paste pail and brush, sticking up posters about the city.

Before one of these gorgeous works of art stood a short, freckle-faced little boy, one frosty morning, shifting his father's dinner-pail from one blue hand to the other, and standing on one leg at a time like a cold chicken.

Poor Tim was colder than any well-feathered chicken could be, but he gave no heed to that as he gazed wide-eyed at the poster before him. When a policeman gruffly told him to move on, he suddenly remembered his father's dinner and his own numb fingers and toes and trudged away.

The great pictures reminded him of that happy summer in his life when he had been taken out to the country for one blissful week. There he had lived among horses and cows and dogs all day long, with an occasional pig for variety's sake, and an untold number of cats and chickens.

But the horses were best of all. Farmer Blake had let him ride old Betty down to pasture every evening when it was time to drive the cows home; and, greatest triumph of all, he had made friends with the wild roan colt whom no one else could approach.

After that wonderful week Tim could not pass the stupidest dray horse on the city streets without feeling an ardent desire to rub the fellow's nose. He could tell you the owner of every high stepper that especially attracted his notice; and he often hung about the big stable near his home, in the fond hope that he might be permitted to assist in the grooming if he could only scrape acquaintance with one of the grooms. Was it any wonder, then, that Tim should wish to see the trained horses?

Early on the afternoon of the first perform-

ance he joined a group of idle, ragged little rascals who loitered about the entrance of the opera house in the faint but eager expectation that some kind person would provide them with tickets.

The hour drew near, and the people streamed in, most of them children with glad, eager faces; but few appeared to see the ragged battalion that stood without the forbidden portal. The moments slipped by, and the crowd of pleasure-seekers had at length passed, save for one or two hurrying belated ones. The boys could hear afar the merry music of the orchestra, and their quick imaginations conjured up vivid pictures of the glories to them denied. It seemed more than Tim could bear, and he turned and walked a few steps away that he might not appear a "softy" to his comrades.

Then he heard a shout, and, turning, saw his tattered companions making a rush for the door that led to the upper gallery.

A gentleman and a little girl were just passing into the theatre. The child had seen the throng of hungry eyes, and in quick sympathy had said, "Papa," and touched his arm gently. The man with the kindly face had looked as her eyes directed. "Well, well, you want to see the horses, too? How many are there,—eight, ten, eleven,—up with you to the peanut gallery!" and he had thrown down the necessary dimes.

With a shout of joy the ragged battalion had instantly obeyed orders, forgetful of their wandering companion; and their benefactor, and his happy-faced little daughter had passed into the house just as Tim returned—too late. He stopped short, a big sob clutching his throat, a look of real despair in the wistful eyes that followed the flight of his friends. Then he started to turn away, but a gruff voice arrested him.

"What do you want here? Speak up now." It was the big policeman by the ticket-office window who spoke. Tim began walking backwards very rapidly, preparatory for a run when he should reach the sidewalk, although he was conscious of having done no wrong.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," he mumbled, hastily.

"Stop! come here," commanded the big man in blue. Tim stood still.

"Do you want to see the horses?"

"Ye-es." In faint tones.

"Then take this." The officer conversed a moment with the man at the ticket office, then, laying his hand gently on Tim's shoulder, he slipped a pink ticket into the rough little paw, and quickly thrust the amazed boy into the very body of the opera house.

"There, you young rascal, don't run from me again," he muttered, and immediately became a stern image once more.

While Tim looked about him in bewilderment, some one took his pink ticket and tore it in two, giving him the smaller piece: then a young fellow in a short blue jacket, ornamented with gilt buttons, came up and asked if he would be shown to his seat. This youth was smiling in an amused way, and that made Tim aware of his own little dignity.

"Yes, sir," he replied, and surrendered his bit of pink ticket to the gilded young man. Then Tim tried to keep his head from whirling as he followed his guide down the long sloping aisle, and at length slipped into a seat in the front row, which the usher pointed out to him with a polite flourish.

To be continued.

Nature has given us the seeds of knowledge, not knowledge itself.
SENECA.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while
That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown some time—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm some time—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven;
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy some time—somewhere.

D. G. BICKERS.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHAT HAPPENED IN FARMER BROWN'S CELLAR.

BY ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN.

IT was very quiet in Farmer Brown's cellar. Not even a mouse was to be heard pattering across the floor. Barrels and barrels of apples stood in one corner, while pumpkins and potatoes and cabbages and beets and onions occupied the rest of the room.

It was getting to be very cold weather, and Farmer Brown and his hired man had just finished putting the winter's supply of fruit and vegetables into the big cellar. Now they had closed the door and gone back to the barn, leaving all of the pumpkins and potatoes and apples in their own quiet corners.

"My!" said a big fat pumpkin, "isn't this comfortable! I, for one, am glad to get under cover. 'Twas getting to be pretty cold down in that garden." Then "Hello! who are you?" he said to a little red beet that was edging close up to him. "Huh! what you doing here? This is my corner. You'd better move along if you know when you're well off."

But the little red beet only edged closer and closer to the big yellow pumpkin. And by and by he said, in a weak little voice:

"Excuse me, Mr. Pumpkin,
I'm sorry to be here,
But all those big potatoes
Just fill my heart with fear.
I know I'm small and homely,
And not much good to eat;
But I'm sure I cannot help it
If I am a small red beet."

This so amused the big yellow pumpkin that his broad face was covered with smiles, and he almost tumbled over in his excitement. When he could control himself once more, he held his head as high as he possibly could, as he proudly said:

"Ha, ha! I'm sorry for you;
If you're as 'fraid as that,
I'll let you sit beside me,
For I am big and fat.
The farmer called me 'dandy.'
And said I'd win the prize
For being the best pumpkin
To bake in pumpkin pies."

And Mr. Pumpkin sat up very straight. "Conceited old thing!" whispered a big potato to a long yellow carrot, while, aloud he said:

"Who cares for you, Mr. Pumpkin,
Or how much you like to brag?
If I were in Mr. Brown's place,
I'd put you in a bag.
You're not worth as much as I am,
No one could live without me:
You'll see me on Farmer Brown's table
For breakfast or dinner or tea."

And the potato, who could see out of a great many eyes, looked first one way and then another to see what effect his words had made on the rest of the vegetable family.

They all appeared to be greatly impressed except the cabbage, who was occupying one corner of the big bench in the farthest end of the cellar. Farmer Brown had placed it there, thinking that it would be handy to reach, in case his wife wanted to cook it for dinner. Slowly it straightened out its dress of curly green leaves, and, when everything was arranged to its satisfaction, it began scornfully:

"If I were an old potato,
With a very dirty face,
I'd learn to respect my betters,
And stay in my own small place.
You've nothing at all to brag of,
Any more than the pumpkin or beet,
Of everything in this cellar
I am the nicest to eat."

And the cabbage sat down again, feeling very proud of the wise speech it had made.

By this time the onion was ready to have his say, and the long, yellow carrot thought that he ought to get a word in, too, so both began at once.

But the onion had the strongest voice, so that the carrot had to give up in despair; and he could only satisfy his vanity by muttering away to himself, while the onion went on:

"Just listen to me, all ye people,
For I have a tale to tell;
And I am the best of this family,
Folks use me when sick or well.
Sir Pumpkin may be very handsome,
The cabbage a beautiful green;
But, when you come to real goodness,
I am the best you have seen."

And the onion moved as far away from the carrot as it possibly could. It couldn't associate with such a common vegetable. Why, Farmer Brown didn't care any more for carrots than to feed them to Ned and Dick, the big bay horses, and to Molly, the Jersey cow.

The other vegetables had said so much that the turnip and the sugar-beet and two or three others hardly dared to peep at all. But the turnip had just made a beginning when a big red apple, on the top of one of the barrels, said, loud enough for all to hear:

"Attention, every one of you!
For I now have the floor;
If I were as strong as oxen,
I'd open the outside door,
And send you back to the garden;
Yes, there I'd make you stay,
While I, with the other apples,
In here could have full sway."

"Huh!" said the pumpkin scornfully. "Pooh!" said the cabbage angrily. And the other vegetables joined in with a chorus of "The idea!" and "I guess not!" while the potato said, "Hateful old thing!"

But just then the cellar door opened, and Mrs. Brown came down the stairs from the kitchen.

"Hush, hush!" said all the vegetables in one breath.

And, when Mrs. Brown reached the place where the vegetables were stored, there was not a sound to be heard. Did you ever hear of such a strange thing?

First she went over to the corner where Mr. Pumpkin stood, and, taking him up in her arms, she felt him all over. Then she said, as she put him back in his place, "I'll let the boys have that pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern. It's a good, big one, but there isn't any taste to that kind. I don't see what they were ever planted for."

And the big yellow pumpkin crouched down in his corner.

Then she picked up the little red beet and said: "I'll cook this for mother, as she likes this kind of beets so well. They are sweet and good, too."

Next she chose the turnip, who hadn't dared to peep, and the carrot, who had been so despised, and hurried back to the kitchen.

But the big potato and the wise onion and the conceited cabbage were left in the dark cellar. And not a single word did one of them speak. Perhaps it was just as well that they kept very still and tried to hide themselves in their own little corners, for

"It isn't the prettiest cabbage
That always proves the best,
Nor the red and shiny apple
That is better than all the rest;
But the good that we are doing
To brighten some lonely way
Is worth, in every kingdom
Far more than what we say."

THREE REASONS.

IT proves itself an axiom, "There are no idle people in China." They work steadily on, whatever the circumstances, never showing nervousness in any degree. The Chinese are quiet and accurate in their methods. They handle large columns of figures, make delicate calculations, and no amount of confusion or jostling disturbs them: they work calmly on and seldom make mistakes. In Japan and in the foreign concessions I noticed that the banks employ the Chinese for their most important detail work. When in one of the large banks, I asked why the Chinese were employed in these responsible positions. The reply was: "The three principal reasons are that they are honest, self-possessed, and accurate. They move so quietly that we are astonished at what they accomplish."

SARAH PIKE CONGER.

Knowledge is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

SYDNEY SMITH.

READINESS to shift responsibility to the shoulders of others is a common failing, and it is nowhere more apparent than in civic affairs. Voters remain away from the polls for trivial reasons, carelessly saying, "There will be enough without me." Men and women fail to protest against flagrant wrongs because they dislike to be prominent or to take the trouble, yet they hope that the same reason will not deter others. But patriotism that counts for anything counts on doing as well as on talking. "We built the wall" is the statement of the historians of the returned exiles. Each man realized that he had his appointed task, his part in the great public work of restoration.

Poverty treads close upon the heels of great and unexpected wealth.

RIVAROL.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor has a word or two on the picture of the first page. It is one of the many in which Jesus is represented as calling the world to peace and help and brotherhood. There is one of this spirit, different in form, but similar in idea, situated on a high summit in South America,—a bronze statue of the Christ,—and put there under peculiar circumstances. We give below an account of the origin and meaning of this remarkable transaction.

Not many years ago Chili and Argentina were on the verge of war. An old boundary dispute had broken out anew, and was intensified by the discovery of an unsuspected value in the eighty thousand square miles of territory involved.

The two nations grew more hostile. Each was goaded by the other's warlike preparations to make more provisions for a war believed to be inevitable. Their standing armies were increased to a burdensome size, and their navies were enlarged by new and expensive ships. The tax for these wasteful preparations amounted to five dollars per capita in the two nations.

The plan to erect a statue of Christ between the nations rebuked the clamor for war. At last the boundary dispute was referred by agreement to the King of England; and his decision, which awarded to each nation a part of what it had contended for, gave general satisfaction.

Then the two nations, gratified by the result, signed a treaty, agreeing that for a term of years all controversies between them should be submitted to arbitration, and that they would reduce their armies and navies.

The women of the two nations took up the movement for the monument. A young sculptor, Mateo Alonso, modelled the statue of Christ, which was cast in bronze produced from old cannon. It is twenty-six feet in height, and is supported by a gigantic column surmounted by a globe, on which the map of the world is outlined. In His left hand the Christ holds a cross, rising five feet above the statue. His right hand is outstretched in blessing. Below are two tablets. One gives the history of the monument, and the other says, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the people of Argentina and of Chili break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

On the very summit of the Andes, and on the boundary line settled with mutual satisfaction and without strife, the statue was erected March 13, 1904, a benediction to the nations that erected it and a lesson to the world.

DON'T try to be somebody else. You were made with a face and a voice and a character not quite like anybody's else, and your manner ought to be your own. It will be sweeter and more attractive for being natural.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

This department invites correspondence, aims to give information, offers counsel, and is open to all. It will make Notes and answer Queries.

Minister.—Yes, the "Bible for Learners" is one of the best books you can have for general guidance. The title is a misnomer, since the contents are for all ages. Put it in the reference library of your school.

Teacher.—It does not seem possible to give you any explicit advice on the subject you broach. We have no definite creed, no formula, and so there is nothing to give out that is "fixed fast." But talk with your scholars from what you know. We publish a little book called "Our Faith," which Prof. Margaret Cross calls an ideal book. Get that and give it to those who are questioning. It may do some good.

Note.—The latest pamphlet for Easter is "Twelve Easter Songs," published in 1907. It can be ordered from 25 Beacon Street, Boston. There are some others good for Easter services, chiefly reprints.

E. O. G.—We do not advise the expelling of your unruly pupil. Do the best you can to keep him. Remember that the voluntary character of a Sunday School affects the atmosphere, and all is quite different from the public school. Give him something to do.

Inquirer.—You ask how you can retain the older scholars, as they seem to slip away at a certain age. It is an old and perplexing question. There is no sure prescription. Sometimes the older ones are held by securing the services of an able adult teacher who can talk with intelligence and interest on vital subjects. He may be paid, or may not. Sometimes an appeal to the congregation for loyalty and support has awakened the right spirit. Sometimes the Religious Union has co-operated and stirred the young people to a sense of duty. Look about and see what is the best appeal or course to adopt.

H. G. O.—The best one-volume book on the Bible is Rev. J. T. Sunderland's. It is a little library, in itself, containing full and accurate information on the sixty-six books of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

Critic.—We do not think you so critical because you do not like the title "Sunday School." Many others believe as you do, that some other name would be better, for various reasons. But it will be difficult to change, owing to long custom. What do you offer as a substitute? Our idea is that some designation should be found large enough and expressive enough to indicate the fact that what we now call the Sunday School is the Educational Department of the church, in which old and young gather. It might have gatherings on other days than Sunday.

Scholar.—You ask why *Every Other Sunday* is not published every week. The chief reason is that the cost per year to every subscriber would be too much. We might cut down the size and make it a very small paper, but that would not be satisfactory. We lose money now every year, and so next volume the subscription price will be 50 cents a year.

P. H. T.—Decidedly. Call at the homes of your scholars, and get acquainted with the parents. They will appreciate the attention, you will get points about the children, and there will be a general good feeling all round. It's a good thing for teachers to do, without standing on ceremony.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XX.

I AM composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 2, 4, is something we write with.
My 8, 9, 11, 10, is proud.
My 5, 11, 7, 7, is part of a door.
My 12, 3, 6, is a part of a whole.
My whole is the name of a State.

FANNIE PALMER.

ENIGMA XXI.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 14, 7, 6, is part of the head.
My 2, 14, 8, is part of a dress.
My 15, 9, 13, 15, 3, 6, is a spice.
My 4, 7, 1, 18, 16, the name of a girl.
My 10, 7, 12, 11, 5, is a flower.
My 17, 7, 12, 13, 18, is a necessary article for a house.
My whole is a great wonder of the world.

MARION HOWARD.

SQUARE WORD.

A MUSICAL term.
One part in four part music.
Seen in the heavens at night.
Tender flesh.

MAY LENINGTON.

EMPTY SPACES.

Supply girls' names for the rhyming word.

I WROTE in verse, and he in prose,
And this displeased his sister—

I saved the meal, and left the bran
And this was well for —

I love my friends to tell the truth.
And this I always get from —

I have a friend that's always jolly
They named her at her christening —

The girl that wins in every race
Is known to all her friends as —

And one not old enough to marry
Is known to all as little —

The one who makes the best playmate
Familiarly is known as —

And she who is always sure to gain,
Is known to all as —

And one with whom all things are well
Is known to friends as simply —

Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XVII.—Benjamin Franklin.
ENIGMA XVIII.—Independence Hall.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. Uses. 2. Neat. 3. Idea.
4. Tent. 5. Ease. 6. Dabs.—United States.
CHARADE.—North or South Carolina.
DROPPED LETTERS.—1. George F. Hoar. 2. John Davis Long. 3. Jacob A. Riis. 4. Booker T. Washington. 5. William F. Draper.

Since our last appearance we have heard from Martha W. Horne, Dorchester, Mass. (two letters); Lamotte Smith, Montpelier, Vt.; Emma M. Whitford, Billerica, Mass.; Harriette Viola Draper, Westwood, Mass.; George A. Adams, Jr., Needham, Mass.; Kate L. Watson, Worcester, Mass.; Henry A. Jenks, Canton, Mass.; Lillian O. Pollard and Mildred Pollard, Dallas, Tex. This is a good showing and the Editor is pleased.

By the kindness of contributors,—and young and old seem interested in this department,—we have received so large a number of Enigmas that it will take some time to publish them. Let no one wonder if there is delay. Will our friends provide the variety we need by sending puzzles of another form?

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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